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THE CARMELITE

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ON PAPER WINGS

by... FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Frederick O'Brien now speaks every Wednesday at nine p.m. over K.P.O.

Charles Cooper, eminent pianist, former Carmelan, says it costs the American artist twenty thousand dollars to launch himself, publicly. Cooper should be named Kuprinsky. Mario Chamlee, is, really, Marion Chumley, and Ethel Leginska is really Liggins. Cooper is too honest, guileless, to make his immense talent felt in an American world feeling mostly, for shams, snaps, and shapely legs.

§ §

German experts announce that the Fatherland cannot pay both political (war) and commercial debts. So, American financiers who are owed commercially several billion dollars (really, we simple American investors are owed), want to wipe out war debts. We say *Ja! Ja!* but the French say, *Non! Non!*

§ §

The father of Director of California State Department of Public Welfare Rheba Crawford Splivalo, once, known as, "The Angel of Broadway," has been appointed Salvation Army colonel and chief of eleven western states. That ties up Governor Rolph closer with the tambourine and the lassies.

§ §

There have been trunk murders before, but piecing them out with a suitcase was just too pernicketty.

§ §

Shuberts, widespread theatre speculators (seventy theatres) have busted.

§ §

Edison said: "Let there be light!" and there was electric light. He was the god of the last generation. I saw him exhibit his first practical electric lamp. All about were gaslights.

§ §

Once, in England, a few years ago, I bought pounds sterling for three dollars and twenty cents. They will go much lower this time. The selfish bankers have lost control. They gambled Britain's future on high loans to Germany. They'll be lucky to escape with their bank buildings, intact. They tried to make bricks without straw; gold bricks without caring a straw for the masses.

——— *Continued on page six*

Busy Session of the City Council

Following is a summary of proceedings at a regular meeting of the City Council held last night, with a full attendance of members:

Planning.—Frederick Bechdolt, as the chairman of the Council's Committee, urged immediate consideration of the recommendations submitted by the committee (The Carmelite, October twenty-second) with particular reference to the suggested realignment of certain streets. Enthusiastic support of the plan from various quarters was reported by Mr. Bechdolt, who expressed the opinion that if the Council likewise was favorably inclined, preliminary work on engineering details should be started before interest wanes. The Council will meet with the committee next Thursday evening at eight in the town hall.

Sunday Closing.—Further signers both for and against compulsory closing of groceries and meat markets on Sundays and holidays were reported; signatures ordered filed with the original petitions. Mayor Heron stated that in view of a test case now pending in the Superior Court, arising from a Salinas ordinance

——— *Continued on page twelve*

Business Men's Association Being Organized

The Carmel Chamber of Commerce threw off the cloak of obscurity which has surrounded its activities at a meeting last Monday night attended by forty-six residents of the city. The meeting was called to discuss the advisability of supporting an active organization of Carmel business and professional men and women. Forty-two of the forty-six persons present were in favor of such a program while four were opposed. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the proposed organization would assist other civic groups in the maintenance and preservation of the beauties and traditions of Carmel. They were also of the opinion that it was desirable to have a distinctive type of organization, one far removed from the usual 'booster' type. No agreement was reached as to whether it should be called a chamber of commerce or some other and more descriptive name.

Mr. Beverly Stover made a short talk in which he stated that from inquiries he had made the name "Chamber of Commerce" was not considered to be in keeping with the uniqueness of the community and that there seemed to be a

——— *Continued on page two*

The City Council received at last night's meeting a letter purporting to be from the Carmel branch of a nudist organization requesting permission to establish headquarters for "worship" within city limits. While the communication may have been legitimate, it bore all the earmarks of a "planted" newspaper stunt: the letterhead, lopsided, two typographical errors, was what is technically known as a stone proof, indicating a printing order of one or two copies; the letter was signed "Madam ————" in a schoolboyish hand; the phraseology was either faddism at a high pitch or leg-pulling of a low order. Bright young reporters for city papers—three extra correspondents on hand last night—bustled off to telephones, to continue their portrayal of Carmel as a hurdy-gurdy cheapskate three-ring circus. Which it might become if inflicted with enough "special correspondents," equipped with their very special type of mentality.

Carmel News

BUSINESS *from page one*

demand that the objectives of the proposed organization be formulated.

Mr. Ray C. DeYoe stated that he was strongly in favor of such an organization and that he believed it should be called the Chamber of Commerce. He could not see why any Carmelite should suspect the busines men of the community of any purpose contrary to its recognized traditions.

Mr. Frederick Bechdolt in his talk stressed his belief that the business men and women of Carmel would be in accord with the best and particular interests of the city.

Mayor Herbert Herron opposed the organization of a Chamber of Commerce or any association similarly incepted, stating that it would be "terrible" to reorganize the old Chamber. He was supported by Herbert Cerwin, Phillip Wilson, Sr., and J. A. Eustace.

A committee of seven was appointed to report upon and recommend as to the objects and purposes of the organization and the meeting was adjourned until November ninth.

Mr. C. R. Parrott is chairman of this committee and the others are Frederick R. Bechdolt, J. K. Turner, Louis Levinson, Major W. J. Hairs, William Koch and Ray Woodward. It is expected that this committee will also recommend what name the association will adopt and that the next formal meeting will bring about at least a tentative organization.

SUBSCRIPTION DANCES

This Friday evening will inaugurate the series of dances given by the Carmel School of Dancing for a small group of Douglas and High School pupils. The first half hour of the evening will be devoted to instruction in new dance steps and the tango by Miss Willette Allen. Invitations have been issued by a group of patronesses including Mrs. Henry Dickinson, Mrs. Grace Douglas, Mrs. Martin Flavin, Mrs. Eugene Marble, Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis. The dances will be held in Arts and Crafts Hall.

TOURIST TRAVEL

Plans for the publication of new literature for the California Mission Trails Association describing the scenic beauties and historic attractions of California were discussed at a meeting held at Highlands Inn on Monday. Ed Tickle presided as chairman of the special committee on Mission Trails literature.

"DRIVE-IN" MARKET A FALSE ALARM

Rumors which have been current to the effect that El Paseo Service Stations proposed to instal a "drive-in" market at Seventh and San Carlos should be quieted by an announcement made at the Council meeting last night. Councilman Bonham, who on behalf of the Council interviewed Mr. L. C. Merrill,, head of the El Paseo chain, stated that Mr. Merrill had no intention of instaling such a market, nor any similar undertaking which might meet with disapproval in Carmel. Extra ground space recently acquired under lease at Seventh and San Carlos would be used for service station purposes; the plan being to remove the present standardized structure to the rear of the lot for use as a storehouse, and replace it with a much more presentable building. Submitted was an architect's sketch showing an attractively designed station, unpretentiously Spanish in treatment, without canopies, the grounds landscaped—harmonizing with neighboring buildings on San Carlos, and unquestionably an architectural improvement over the present "hand-me-down" station. Mr. Merrill's only reason for not removing the existing building entirely is that he holds the site under lease, upon the expiration of which he may be required to return the premises in the original condition.

BRANCHING OUT

One of Camel's most distinctive shops, instead of pining for the travellers who come not this way in large numbers during the wintry months, is entering the southern travel belt with a branch establishment. Miss Tilly Polak on her recent trip south completed arrangements for opening on December first of a branch at Palm Springs, widely advertised desert recreation centre, some ninety miles from Los Angeles. Her Palm Springs shop, in the Oasis Hotel, will be open from December to May, during which time Miss Polak will divide her time between Carmel and the South. During her absences Mrs. R. Johnson will be in charge locally.

Three other Carmel establishments—the Fraser Looms, Rene Willson's Chinese Art, and Cabbages and Kings will be represented in the wares displayed at the Palm Springs shop.

POST OFFICE HOLIDAY

In common with other offices throughout the country, Carmel Post Office will be closed from one to six next Wednesday, in observance of Armistice Day.

PENINSULA MAUSOLEUM

A group of citizens of the Peninsula, headed by E. H. Tickle of The Highlands, have brought Mr. T. L. De Cew President of the mausoleum company which bears his name, to this district for the purpose of planning and creating of a new burial ground and mausoleum. It will be located in a hundred acre tract about four miles from Monterey, near the junction of the Castroville road.

The project will be administered by three trustees, E. H. Tickle, Jean Juillard and T. L. De Cew. Mr. J. Rosslyn Jones will be manager. Roy A. Lingo is the construction engineer and Paul Sattelkau acts as hydraulic engineer. These men have all been with the De Cew organization a number of years and have extensive experience in their partcular fields.

Mr. De Cew has built a number of similar projects, his first being at Bakersfield, California some years ago. He has developed and patented an idea in mausoleum construction known as "The Companion Crypt." His organization has had its headquarters in California although he has been active in many other states in the west and middle west.

The development of a new cemetery will be well received by the peninsula citizens as it has been needed for some years. — L

CARMEL BOOKS

Frederick Bechdolt's latest book "Riders of the San Pedro," has just been released by the publishers, Doubleday-Doran & Company, after having run serially in the "Blue Book Magazine." The book is a departure from Mr. Bechdolt's usual historical novels. "Riders of the San Pedro" is laid in the Arizona of the late eighties. A review of the book will be published in an early issue of The Carmelite.

The latest book by Doctor D. T. MacDougal, Carmel scientist and author, to be bought by the Harrison Library is "The Green Leaf," published by Appleton of New York. The book concerns the major activities of plants in sunlight, the vital processes of plants, and is a very readable text book. This volume is one in a series of Appleton's New World of Science.

STOCK SUBJECT

Cold weather became more than a threat this week, arrived fog-laden, with something more than a harvest tang in the air. Thermometer readings at the Carnegie Institute showed a record low for the week of thirty-nine degrees, at seven a.m. Wednesday.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewed by GLORIA STUART

Easily the most finished production that Carmel has seen this season played the boards at the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough last week-end. Ferenc Molnar's "The Play's the Thing" directed by Galt Bell, exhibited quality and charm of the highest degree. The presentation of characters, while undoubtedly due in part to the players themselves, also showed the talented study of which the director is capable.

Obviously, Mr. Bell also ranked high as a player—his role of Sandor Turai, the subtle and witty playwright, was built for him, and he extracted the most from it. But Bob Edgren, as Mell, the nervous, busy secretary, combined a real sense of comedy with a poise and sensitiveness, and, for a more or less inexperienced player, was just as successful as Mr. Bell. The heroine, Ilona Szabo, played by Constance Heron, was excellently done. It is difficult to play a temperamental actress without overdoing it, and Miss Heron achieved tempo and carriage which distinguished the role. Perhaps her voice was not heavy enough to register all the spasms of emotion which were required, but this small lack did not interfere with the characterization.

Howard Brooks, as Almady, was delightful in the role of an old, emotionally worn actor. His broad comic spirit furnished the audience with hurrahs of laughter. Mr. Brooks is very much at home on the stage, and takes his audience with him over the high hills of stage craft. The talkative, provocative butler, Johann Dwornitschek, played by Charles O'Neal, was a fascinating bit of work. His alertness and consciousness was alive and real. He is an addition to the Carmel theatre.

Manski, the collaborating playwright, as portrayed by Robert Parrott, and Albert Adam, played by Dick Seares, were well done pieces of work. It was difficult, we are told, for Mr. Parrott to present a character—that of a pessimistic person,—so divorced from his own bouyant self, and it did it very well. Mr. Seares, as the young musical genius, filled the role with exceptional youthfulness and naivete—as the role required. The setting and lighting, for which James Kemble Mills and Maxine Cushing were respectively responsible, were excellent.

CURTAIN

On Edward Kuster's instructions, the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough has been shorn of essential services—electricity, telphone and water disconnected, "props" stored, the doors padlocked. Gone into storage also is the ticket booth which repaced the kiosk on Dolores street opposite the postoffice. Mr. and Mrs. Kuster and Peter Friedrichsen have been sojourning at Taos, in New Mexico; started homeward Monday. Coincident with the production of "See Naple and Die," Mr. Kuster announced that he was finished with theatrical activities in Carmel until and unless some workable financial scheme could be evolved. From all appearances the final curtain has rung down at the Studio Theatre, insofar as Mr. Kuster's individual efforts are concerned.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

Foundation of a peninsular branch of the 'Alliance Francaise" was the subject of a meeting held last Thusday in Carmel. This organization has for its purpose the extension of the study of the French language. Those present at the meeting were Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dickinson, Dr. Amelia Gates, Mrs. Ruth Lewis, Mrs. Katherine MacFarlane Howe, Mrs, Mary Wood Chase, Mrs. Katherine Philipps Edson, Miss Nann Chinn, Mrs. Phil K. Gordon, Mrs. E. M. Morse, Miss Janet Prentiss, Mrs. Fannie B. Baldwin, Mrs. R. C. Howes, Mr. Fritz Wurtzman, Mme. Jeanne Pirenne, Miss Marjory Pegram and Mr. Helmuth Dietjen.

ESSAY CONTEST

The winner of the prize essay on the history and purpose of the Community Chest in which the pupils of the high schools and grammar schools competed has been announced as Miss Betty Wheeler, daughter of Willard W. Wheeler of Pebble Beach. Miss Hortense Berry, Miss E. Eckart and Miss Ethel de Witt, peninsula librarians, were the judges.

Essays were submitted with only a code word, the judges being unaware of contestants' identities until the award was made.

CHURCH MARKET

A Harvest Home Festival will be held on November twentieth at the Parish House of All Saints Church. A buffet supper will be served and flowers, foodstuffs and hand made articles will be sold. The funds raised will be for the benefit of the church.

MISSION MEMORIAL MAUSOLEUM

IS your mausoleum—designed to serve the peninsular community: therefore this project commends itself to Carmelites who, at some distant time, will avail themselves gratefully of its facilities.

For those who choose now, and by choosing now, contribute to the early realization of this greatly wanted facility, special prices are in effect. It is the wish of those public spirited sponsors of this project who have made this service to the community possible, to give to everyone the opportunity of selecting space at a cost so low—and on terms so elastic—that no one can afford not to make provision for that dark hour which at some time envelopes us all.

Not when bereavement numbs the mind and illness takes the financial toll; not when skies are dark and grief prevails; but now, is the time to make your selection. Some day, smiling though tears, you will be happy even in sorrow, knowing that your choice has been made and that an inevitable duty has been well done.

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Henrietta Shore: Her Work

The well-known struggle between subjective and objective points of view regarding art, seems to have been put aside by the creation of such work as Henrietta Shore is doing. Up to a point it is subjective, since undoubtedly Creation is going on vitally within the artist as she works—Creation out of her own substance; and up to a point it is objective, since the key lies in rock, hill or flower.

But beyond and above these, there is the relationship of the worker with her subject; and in this, Miss Shore has pierced beyond both points of view to the source of real creation. Her work springs from a vital, reverent relationship with life. Apparently, when she looks upon a hill, she sees neither mass nor line, but a living being, radiating forth energy—receptive of sun and shadow—and, in some strange way, *speaking*. This speech she is able to transfer to her work so that it, in turn *speaks* to the observer. Then, if the observer is receptive, the same creative process goes on, and he receives a new experience. He enters a world which has been closed to him before.

It is worth while to take one of the flower lithographs and live with it a while—a certain quality of light comes forth to you—a truth; as if the secret of its being had been pierced by one so closely identified with its life, that she has given forth, as the flower gives forth—purely, without mental barriers. It is as if Miss Shore had not looked upon the flowers, but had *become* the flower, and having known it from the inside, as it were, had re-created it.

The rocks at Point Lobos have this same vibrant quality. It cannot be explained by line or mass or color—It is a quality of life, never suspected by the casual observer of the earth. One feels always that Miss Shore makes this inner connection before she begins to work. She not only knows those rocks; temporarily she *becomes* them. In one instance she has united them basically with the ancient Chinese conception. She has touched, perhaps an *eternal* truth, for, while certain drawings recall the ancient Chinese, they might just as well recall the work of any civilization in its purest phase, before the conjuring of the mentality has crept in to elaborate and spoil.

It seems not to matter whether Miss Shore regards a tree, a hill, a flower or a child. She sees fundamentally the same thing—She goes through all outer form to its inner reality. The drawing of little Esther Van Niel has the same dawn-like quality as some of the groups of hills; the same tender contours give forth light; the same simplicity reveals a clear, quiet understanding. The face of this child has morning upon it. The eyes are open to the world as simply as a flower. The hair, smoothed over the brow and following the curve of the cheek, is as lovely as an early cloud on a hill. Yet it is not in these particulars that the magic lies. The child's face touches your heart. It looks *through*.

DORA HAGEMEYER

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European "Moderns"

The Denny-Watrous Gallery has on exhibition until November twenty-third a private collection of modern lithographs and etchings belonging to Mme Galka Scheyer, American representative of the Blue Four—Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Feininger, and Klee. All except Klee are represented here with many more modern names.

Kandinsky: "Black in Cream," lithogaph—Spacing of forms very subtle, forceful, and moving.

Archipenko: "Stooping Figure with Handkerchief," lithograph—Exhibits his mastery of figure drawing in the classic manner translated into modern terms. Delicate for all its power and massiveness. Compositional poise, rare sense of design and of the tonal values in black and white. One of the best.

Heckel: Portrait, etching—Strong drawing of man's head dominates, with seated male figure seen through window at left back. Composition loose but has certain *wholeness*.

Hofer: "At the Window," wood block —Three quaint young women in sensitive related postures smile at something outside of the picture. Maybe it's you. Study in psychology of audience as well as study of art.

Andre: "In the Cellar," wood block—Depth and effect of mustiness and many years of use accomplished succssfully and with atmospheric quality.

Feininger: "Street in Bourg-la-Reine," etching—Amusing with its strolling

to next page

figures and background of buildings lucidly delineated.

Schlossgrosse, etching—Abstract with intersecting planes of dynamic realism.

Frick: Rocks, charcoal—Depth, fullness, strength, form, beauty in the highest degree; one of the best.

Abbo: Drawings, charcoal and water color wash— Intriguing postures, delicate color.

Jawlensky: water color—Technique of talented kindergarten child sans its naivete and innocence of perpetration.A water color head in black and grey, sophisticated, striking, and good.

Jacob: "Praying Angel," wood block—Streaming wing lines, massed head and face of angel extraordinarily fine, the simple piety of a mystic.

Nolde: "Egyptian," wood block—Here is mischievous joy and wantoness with technique well adapted to subject with its bold, strong masses.

Segal: "At the Death Bed," lithograph—The economy of line, utter morbidity of content, and lack of detail makes this one of the strongest, and most valuable of modern realistic achievements No confusion, as in so many moderns of line, rhythm, mass, or detail.

Holtz: "Coachman," pen drawing—The traditional high shoulders, dented hat, and fierce expression caught with evident enjoyment and robust feeling.

Fabry: Landscape, oil—Rich, primary colors applied brilliantly, with style Composition good. One of the best.

Logario: Lithograph, might be tentatively named for the identification purposes only, "The Lady or the Tiger"—Most exciting and lovely, with the lady full of grace and the tiger cubs en couchant. The background in its detail subtly complements mood of picture.

—G.S.

CANTOR RINDER IN LECTURE RECITAL

Reviewed by ANNA MARIE BAER

Inspirational and informative was the lecture-recital on Jewish music at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Tuesday evening, presented by Cantor Rinder of Temple Emanu-El, San Francisco. Thoroughly versed in the musical literature of his people, and himself at one with the essential ideals and aspirations of the Jewish race, Cantor Rinder imparted with impressive simplicity the distinctive racial, historical, and religious characteristics embodied in the Jewish music. In piano accompaniments and illustrations Miss Mary Ingalls played with a degree of understanding which added to the effectiveness of Cantor Rinder's interpretations.

Defining music "the oldest, noblest, and most enduring of all arts," Cantor Rinder continued to an explanation of Jewish music in its various manifestations through the ages, including such forms as the Cantillation, the Ancient Chant, the Prayer Motive, Mediaeval Hymns, and modern compositions, with a final return to the true music of the traditional Jewish folk-songs. Combined throughout with certain racial, historical, and religious forces, which give the music of every people its distinctive quality, is a certain dramatic intensity and exalted fervor which gives to Jewish music its particular note of mysticism.

Since that day when a great people went into the presence of the Lord singing, music has been an integral part of the church service In synagogues through the world, as well as in Palestine, today, may be heard cantillations and chants similar to those of the earliest period. Each part of the service, and each different type of religious festival, has a particular motive this being never recited but always intoned. Thus has been built up a musical literature varied and universal among Hebrew worshippers. Cantor Rinder sang a number of these motives; his intoning was of the quality of veiled and somber beauty one might expect to hear in the Synagogue.

Jewish musical literature contains many beautiful hymns written to the Psalms. Of impressive beauty were two sung by Cantor Rinder, "Hear This, All Ye People," and "Eli, Eli, Lama Asabani." Here the voice assumed broader quality the hymns being sung with a feeling of intense religious fervor. Music to the Twenty-second Psalm was written by Ernest Bloch whom Cantor Rinder considers outstanding in Jewish music. Another composition of particular interest was the Synagogue Doxology in a setting by Ravel. In this case the composer has taken a beautiful melody of the Synagogue leaving it entirely intact, enriching and even adding a touch of mysticism in his accompaniment.

Closing the program was a group of Yiddish and Hebrew folk-songs.

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OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER, CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
J. A. COUGHLIN, *Editor and Publisher* — GLORIA STUART, *Associate Editor*

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O'BRIEN *from page one*

As the world fell to pieces recently, the American newspapers gave their first five pages to the world series. Our papers are Nero's Roman orchestra at the fire sale!

§ §

Dwight Morrow got all the breaks. In the fullness of accomplishment, honors, admiration, friendships, with beautiful children, a superb son-in-law, having expressed himself in the world bravely and effectually, he died before age had withered him, or ambition had staled. Fate chose Morrow for an example of what our civilization can give to a favorite.

§ §

A San Francisco daily has been running "The Other Side of Fifty," the vain excuses of dodderers for growing old. It's like talking about the other side of one's old overcoat; usually needing repairs, frayed, worn.

§ §

Giannini, founder of Transamerica Corporation, is ousted. He used to set the new high selling price of stocks in this corp., and the Bank of Italy, days or weeks ahead. Then, proud, incautious, having made a steady climb with never a broken rung, the fine Italian marketman went East to astonish the natives. They let his bag get bigger and bigger, then pricked it, sold the air—partly back to Giannini himself—and finally added the bag to the trophies from the West hanging on the banker's Wall-street.

§ §

Lindy and Anne are the only romantic figures in the American world, not worked by advertising wires.

§ §

Look out, pacifists! The next world war may be beginning right now in Manchuria. Japan might go to war to save her dynasty; perhaps to save her feudal capitalism. The Japanese are, yet, medieval in loyalties. I saw part of the Japanese-Russian war from the Japanese side, and knowing the great courage, contempt of death of the Japanese military cast I fear their intensities, internationally. World courts mean nothing to them.

§ §

At the beginning of the past summer, it was said, "On Paper Wings," that forest, brush fires would be more widespread than ever before—because hundreds of thousands of wanderers afoot and by lizzies, having no future, no respect for government, would act unsocially. They did. This winter, other fires will rage—arson of factories, residences; riots; robberies in bands, assassinations. The labor union heads have warned the bosses, but from long experience, the bosses rely on police, sheriffs, militia, the army. Recently, in the most law-abiding country in the world, Great Britain, were mutiny in the navy, riots and plunderings of stores by fifty thousand Scots; all over the world there is serious feeling against the capitalist. We must be careful. I don't want to lose, ever, my viewpoint.

§ §

"Skippy," the poor little oaf, has become insane; he talks like a grown-up preacher.

§ §

Mussolini grows in apparent recognition of world conditions. He feels the fearful burden of Italy's armaments, and would like to unload. He tipped the Pope to his troubles. The Pope made an Encyclical of it.

§ §

A fullrigged sailing ship, Tusitala, has reached Honolulu from New York, a hundred and one days out. Them were the days, without—water or food.

§ §

The other day, I heard an unusual noise outside my window and saw my English neighbor driving stakes and tying a cord to mark his boundary claim between our trifling lots; our surveyors differ. The cord he had put up several years ago had long since rotted, disappeared. Now, why was his bile suddenly biling? The day before in the San Francisco "News" I had published an article, "The Other Side of Fifty," in which I said, humorously:

> "Boredom, present and boding, should be guarded against by rigid search for new interests and by intelligent self-defense against relations, *neighbors*, business men, salesmen (especially of brushes, preachers, reformers—all the horde of stupid time-wasters, and smug respectabilities abounding in every California neighborhood."

This neighbor takes the "News," and doubtless had taken to himself my meant-to-be funny ,paragraph. Now, I'd like to be friendly with him, but for years he has maintained the traditional English bulldog attitude. What a pity, for my other neighbors all are good to me, though not intimate.

§ §

In Oakland a hundred and fifty cops are suspected of collecting six hundred thousand dollars a year graft from bootleggers, says the district attorney. No wonder the Capone gang is muscling in about the bay, as it has in the fair Southland.

§ §

Ford says "the depression has done less harm to the country than a continuance of our previous false prosperity." But, who knew it was false (least of all, Henry) when Fords and Cadillacs sold like dollar gin? Hindsight is better than foresight. I mean that one's eyes are less obscured by the glare; but, who wants to look at a lot of rears? We live in arrears.

§ §

In Chicago, public school teachers have not been paid since April and are owed seventeen millions of dollars. Many sleep in the schools. Al Capone says that an inefficient government like Chicago's will never end his graft. Bryce, whom I talked with at sea when he was voyaging to America to be British ambassador, predicted the gauge of American democracy's success must be its big cities.

§ §

A dog doesn't know there's a depression. He knows he feels better, nowadays; in them days, there were just too many bones to enjoy a burial, and, subsequent resurrection.

§ §

Living in Hawaii, I saw the steamship "Sierra" enter Honolulu harbor on her first voyage. Aboard her was Captain Trask. Since then he has steamed two million miles on the "Sierra." He is now to command a new, magnificent liner, the "Mariposa." Several times, I've voyaged with him towards Australia, or back. At luncheon time, he had the small swimming tank to himself, and round and round he went every day, with a lazy, even, stroke, a mile, one hundred and twenty circles of the square, canvas pool. Imagine the serenity of mind, the very gradual growing old of such a body. Sun and wind, fog and rain, Captain Trask, at seventy, looks out on them all from a staunch bridge between life and death. The "Sierra," the ship, is battered, worn, ready for the scrap heap; the man Trask, takes up a new, a larger task.

Youth and Age

By MARY ALICE BARROWS

Did you ever gather pine cones?

Have you gone in the early morning to the woods to poke in a russet tufted mound of hewn pine branches? Scuttled over the needle tinctured ground on an excited search for a very round and reddish stick with a whorl of cinnamon-brown cones on it? Cones loaded with rosin for the blaze they would kindle full of heat.

Cones that would crackle in your fireplace as the stored vitality of their race released into flame. Cubbyholed energy. The stowaway to free itself behind your hearthstone with a snap and a pizzicato that would be a miniature celebration there; little round noises. Made you think of pixies, as you dug into the pile of brush there in the timber in the early morning sunslant; as you wiggled out a molasses hued limb, rosetted with the little noises-to-come. Made you think, too, of tree-tops and their winds as you listened by the fireside after sundown. Brooding over red amber in the shooting blue, listened for the staccato pops.

In early morning blue and lavendar, the song of the thrasher above your head came through the crisp air as natural, expected; as come stars at night; as hill fogs tinted before you now in new sunlight. The air, sprayed by darkness now drunk up by sun, was cleared of human turbulence. Quickened. Air sifting fresh; it was good to breathe. Too, it was expected, was no surprise. As was white sunshine on the ground in its netting of unduly lank shadows. Straight shadows, sometimes lying crisscrossed. Made you think of knitting-needles.

Exhilarating, these after dawn salutes. But accustomed phenomena. Familiar routine.

Not until you reached the pine were you taken by surprise; were you seized with frenzy. Seized every time you got there, as if never before had you seen, till now, a copper colored wood pile.

The sight of clinging cones on sprawling branches or underneath a cluster of sorrel pine needles, set you digging in the heap like a puppy in a clothes basket. Pouncing into the neatly stacked branches, you locked your grip upon one deep in the middle of the pile. There followed a tug and a haul. You were possessed to separate the center of the mound from its entangled relatives. It emerged! Gloating, you hasten with the tasseled bough to a stump. As though now or never, as though the wild thing could run from you. You prop it on the stump, crash down upon it with your booted foot, and snatch up the fragments. You hold bouquets of cones studding brief slabs of wood, either like a set on a bar pin, or topping the end like a flower on its stem. With a gurgle, you rush back to the clump for more.

Tearing back and forth *ad infinitum* between the two piles, your's and the wood-cutter's, you double the amount you came for. At least double. You can't stop yourself.

Wrists gouged, fingers bleeding, arm skinned, you start, bulging at each side with a monstrous load. Trying to keep them from falling, trying to hang on. You stagger over the highway. Towards home. Lame, blissful, rich. At last ready to stop.

Pine cones gathered in the early morning. Pine cones for your evening fire.

Carmelite Poetry

In early morning calm
Long lines of glass-like rollers
Crash and splinter on the shore
Catching in their curved descent
Lost fragments of the sun.

—MAXINE ABBOTT CUSHING

POINT LOBOS

Lorsque du Point-Lobos, vive comme une chevre,
Libre enfin de ses liens, je gravis les rochers
Le vent souffle imperieux et je sens sur mes levres
L'aiguillon d'un baiser que je n'ai point cherche.

Sublime communion de mon ame et des choses,
Je tremble d'etre seule et mon coeur bat tres fort;
L'univers est a moi, la pierre ou je me pose,
Tout ce qu'on croit vivant et que l'on croyait mort.

Dieux des foudres, des vents, des eaux et da la terre,
Que l'homme redoutait et qui sont la debout,
Gardes par les cypres, tragiques, solitaires,
Pauvres dieux oublies je les prie a genoux.

—JEANNE M. PIRENNE.

BRAZIER

Ruddy with fire, fierce-glowing brazier of love,
We are coals burning in the burning of your fierce fire;
We are burning coals suffused with your red glowing,
Pulsing with love as with radiance of fire.
The tongues of the flames take us,
The slow coils of the flames slide over us,
The drowsy glowing of the heat, the drowsy,
Flowing sound of the fire lulls us;
We are will-less in that glow, that flowing—
Fire like liquid, in ripples, a quivering river;
The deep fire-pit breathes on us its inmost heat;
Coal with warm coal, brand with brand in one hollow we lie,
Fused in one burning, brazier of love!

—HELEN HOYT

JOIN!

Annual

Roll Call

Begins Wednesday

Armistice Day

A CARMEL BOOK FOR CHILDREN

Philip Nesbit, Carmel artist, is the author and illustrator of a new book for children, "Trum Peter's Tea Party," just published by Coward-McCann, New York. Several studies for the book were seen in a summer exhibition at the Seven Arts.

The story concerns an elephant "who liked better than anything else in the world, to blow on his trumpet. His name was Trum Peter, which is another way of pronouncing Trumpeter. Now Trum Peter liked blowing his trumpet just for fun, but he thought it might be more fun still if he had a real excuse to blow it. So, he decided to give a Tea Party, and ask all the other animals by blowing different ways on his trumpet."

Rufus Roarer, and his family; the Dancing Horses; the three little orange pigs; Sydney Snake, and his family; the Zebra sisters; the Elephants, "so old, they were thinking of other things;" Hunch, Scrunch and Munch, the Crocodiles; Patrick and Eliza Camel; Oscar and Olga, the Ostrich twins; Billy and Bonzo Bear; Wistaria and Verbena Giraffe, "in a hopeless tangle" of necks; and other jungle friends came at the blasts of Trum Peter's trumpet.

The little book is well written, well illustrated, and should prove popular with children. The illustrations, in two colors, green and orange, are piquant and humorous; the makeup of the book attractive.

The author is again in Carmel after a trip to Tahiti.

COMMUNITY CHURCH MUSICAL

On Sunday evening next beginning promptly at eight o'clock in the Carmel Community Church T. Harold Grimshaw will present "An Evening of Gladness with the Master of Music." This will be a variety program and will offer symphonic and vocal music of all kinds. The following numbers will form part of the evening's enjoyment:

Record of the Largest Organ in Germany.

Eva Turner, Gigli and Tibbetts will sing in aria and song.

Saints Saen's "The Wheel of Omphale."

Music from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"There once was an Owl" by Victor Herbert.

"Brandenburg Concerto No 3. by Bach.

Prelude to the ThirdAct of Lohengrin.

Bounding Billions; Muddled Millions

Which Might Be Subtitled, "An Actor Views the Times"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

Ah! Relief at last. The "army of unemployed" will all have work. America won't let Americans starve, freeze or suffer for want of anything. Prosperity is here: or, at least, is around the corner; coming with oodles of money for everyone. I tell you you can't stop the United States when it makes up its mind to do something. She's a grand old land; and that grand old flag, etc.

Yes siree; we are going to have work, food, prosperity and all those nice things, just for the asking. There will be billions of dollars spent in giving us a good time; pardon, I mean good times. Oh! my beloved country; every blessed mile of you will pour out limitless goodies into the laps of your eager-eyed children.

We are awaiting, O mother of ours; hurry, hurry and sell those bonds that are going to give us three meals a day, a roof to shelter us, and clothes to cover us. Yes, sell them. Sell the five per cents, the six per cents anywhere you can, only sell them. I care not where, only try and sell them; just try. Don't bother about who will pay the interest on these bounding billions; the muddled millions are hungry. Let the nation, the state, the city, the county take care of the taxes, all we want is work and money; or, still better, money and just a little work.

Start the presses everywhere and print those bonds—somebody might buy. They bought a lot of foreign bonds a short time ago and they might fall for this. They bought millions of real estate lands that worry them no longer, and they may take another chance.

The President said that it might be locally given and generally applied; this assistance. Then let our City Fathers, and our State Step-Fathers rise up in their might and print and sell, and pay the interest due next year, and the year after, and the many years following. Yes, let them, themselves, pay it. We don't want to be bothered with such trifles; give us the principal, they can have the interest.

Yes, we know that they are one billion behind in Washington—but what is a billion among friends: Or two or twenty billions? Haven't we tossed that much with a laugh, with a "Goodbye and luck" into the laps of people across the sea and got their bonds—and such lovely press work, such beautiful ink, those bonds displayed.

Didn't we show the world what fine fellows we were. Always Johnny on the spot when it came to dishing out money for the needy, or the near-needy, or the might-be-needy sometime? So why hesitate? Come on, start the presses a whirling and print bonds as the Germans printed marks.

And don't forget to print the coupons on each bond, the little thing calling for two, two and a half, and three per cent twice a year. Don't forget those little darlings that our banks love so much. And when they are all nicely printed, numbered and counted, don't forget to try and sell them. You will try at least, won't you! Thank you, that's splendid of you, Columbia.

Just Received

SPECIAL SHIPMENT of Sacred Indian Corn in gay colors of brown, blue, red, yellow and pink. Also strings of Red Chili Peppers. Both Especially good for Thanksgivng decorations.

THE SIGN OF THE PAPOOSE
San Carlos, between Ocean and Seventh

WE ARE NOW ABLE TO SUPPLY YOU WITH BEAUTIFUL STONE FOR YOUR GARDEN. LIGHT SERPENTINE ROCK, TINTED BY NATURE IN BRIGHT REDS, GREENS AND YELLOWS.

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EIGHTH AND SAN CARLOS

A Political Prisoner in San Quentin

Second of two articles by Gloria Stuart, based on the prison experiences of John Taylor, who was sent to San Quentin under the California Anti-Syndicalism Law. Mr. Taylor was in Carmel recently.

Having been committed to San Quentin with fourteen fellow radicals, John Taylor saw them frequently. At one time several of them wanted to refuse to work, to become insurgents and get publicity for their cause and predicament. It was finally dropped, one man only attempting resistance. He was thrown in the dungeon for forty days and forty nights. The "hole" is unlighted, with no ventilation, and a mattress thrown in at night without any covers is the only furnishing. In the morning a loaf of bread and a bucket of water is handed in. The man stuck it out, and then was put in solitary confinement which lasted for six months because he still refused to yield. Taken to the prison hospital after that stretch, he remained there until his sentence was through, a year having been added for insubordination.

While he was in San Quentin, Taylor became acquainted with the McNamara brothers, who figured in the bombing of the Los Angeles "Times" building. Lincoln Steffens deals with the case in his "Autobiography." One of the brothers is out, but James is still there—a lifer who is morose and bitter, according to Taylor. A companion of McNamara, Matty Smitt, who was also implicated in the labr troubles in the South, is at San Quentin, but seems to have maintained an untroubled and humorous outlook on the affair. Mooney, Taylor says, is a very nervous type, and, at that time, was an errand boy in San Quentin, "always running around with a lot of official papers, usually connected with his own case."

The great number of convicts had little money to spend in the prison commissary, so tobacco was used as a means of exchange. If one convict had an extra tube of toothpaste, he would exchange it for tobacco. Soap, matches, paper, ink, and other trifles usually travelled far from the original purchaser if his tobacco gave out. Contraband, in the form of small knives, files, and other paraphernalia, was dealt in constantly. Although the convicts were "frisked" every time they went in or out of the yard, these very small metal articles were usually concealed successfully. Mr. Taylor carried a knife, made in the machine shop,—and with a mother of pearl handle!—the two years he was in. Dope was also trafficked in to a large extent. Taylor explained that the prison guards received small wages. So, on their day off, if a prisoner wanted an errand done in San Francisco, and told the guard at such and such a place he would be delivered a package, there being ten dollars in it for him, the errand was usually done. Officials at the prison change the guards often in an attempt to keep dope out, but there is always plenty of "snow" drifting about. The same situation often explains the presence of getaway implements in prisons.

One of the amusing stories about convicts Taylor knew concerns "Paperhanger Steinway". A big-time forger arrived in San Francisco, and went to a prominent music store. He walked around the floor for an hour, exciting the interest of the clerks and manager with his quiet curiosity. Finally, he introduced himself as Mr. Steinway, of Steinway & Sons, New York. Everyone was in a furore, and, at his suggestion, moved several pianos to more strategic points in the store. Later in the afternoon, after luncheon with the manager, he asked to be introduced to a bank official in order to cash a check. Asked at the bank how large an amount he wanted, he replied, "Oh, about forty thousand. But I don't need the full sum—just twenty or thirty thousand." His request was complied with, and, knowing that it would take five days for the check to reach clearance in New York, he prepared for further manipulations.

There was a large hotel in Oakland for sale at that time. "Mr. Steinway' ferried across the Bay, and interviewed the owner. A loan was completed that afternoon at an Oakland bank for five hundred thousand dollars. Declaring that he wanted to refurnish the hotel completely, the forger took seventy-five thousand dollars with him that evening in view of making a call at a San Francisco furniture store next morning. There was a woman working with him, and, the next day, on their way to the furniture store, she saw a diamond ring in a jeweler's window. Although the man wanted her to wait, she won, and the diamond was bought with Mr. Steinway's name, and a telephoned inquiry at the music store—on credit.

Coming out of the store, a detective happened to see them, and, for some unknown reason, followed the couple. At the furniture store, the officer was told that his man was Mr. Steinway, of New York City. A long distance call settled the forger's career for many years. The music magnate was at home

in the East. The woman got away with the diamond and the cash, but the forger went to San Quentin for twenty years.

One of the most spectacular jail breaks in the history of San Quentin was made while Taylor was there. The convict was housed in the New Building, which is considered escape-proof. At nine o'clock every evening, the guards make their final rounds, and lights are turned off. The staff is reduced by one half. Between the cells on the outer wall is a small passageway for plumbers to work in. At the end of this prisoner's corridor was a small door through which the plumbers entered. For several months the convict had filed away a his iron bars, masking the cut by slipping brass bands, a half-inch wide and painted white to match which he had manufactured in the machine shop, over them. It was figured out later that, at the precise moment when the lights had gone out, and there was considerable bustle in the corridor, this man had slipped out and into the door at the end of the passageway before it was locked. He had evidently heard about the layout of the passageway from chance remarks of the passing plumbers. Safely in here, he took the pole that was used to open traps on the third floor, and hoisted himself up to the skylight where he filed open the padlock that was on it. He took off the steel hook at the end of the pole, and fastened it to his rope—sixty feet long, and made it in the jute mill from scrap. Safely on the roof, he fastened the rope to the skylight, made his way to the outer wall, and let himself down to the ground. The rope was found hanging there the next morning at ten. The man was never captured. It was one of the most ingenious escapes in prison history.

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NOTICE OF PUBLIC WORK

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 8th day of July, 1931, the council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, duly passed its Resolution No. 508, to-wit, the resolution of intention of said council to abandon and close a certain portion of Vizcaino Avenue, a public street of and in said city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, as described and set forth in said resolution of intention, a full, true and correct copy of which is as follows, to-wit:

"RESOLUTION NO. 508
RESOLUTION OF INTENTION

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA, that the public interest and convenience require and that it is the intention of said council to order the following work to be done and improvement to be made in said city, to-wit: That Vizcaino Avenue, a public street of said city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, as shown and designated upon the "Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, California, filed for record, March 7, 1902, in the office of the county recorder of the county of Monterey, State of California," be closed and abandoned between the prolongation eastly of the northeasterly line of Lot 19, Block 102 as per said map and the southerly termination of said Vizcaino Avenue as per said map.

That no land is deemed necessary to be taken for said improvement and that no district of lands will be affected thereby or will be assessed to pay the damages, costs or expenses of said improvement or of said proceeding; and that no commissioners therefor need be appointed to assess damages or benefits with relation thereto.

The superintendent of streets of said city shall cause to be conspicuously posted along said line of contemplated work and improvement and not more than 300 feet in distance apart but not less than three in all, notices of the passage of this resolution of intention in time, form, manner and number as required by law and shall also cause a notice of the passage of said resolution, similar in substance to be published for a period of four (4) successive weeks in The Carmelite, a newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in said city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, and hereby designated for such purpose and said notice to be so published will contain all of the matters and things required by law therein.

Any person interested objecting to said work or improvement may make written objection to the same within ten (10) days of the expiration of the time of the publication of said notice, which objection shall be delivered to the city clerk of said city and ex-officio clerk of said council, within said last named period.

All of the herein proposed work shall be done in pursuance of the Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled "An Act to provide for laying out, opening, extending, widening, straightening or closing up in whole or in part, any street, square, lane alley, court or place within municipalites and to condemn and acquire any and all land and property necessary or convenient for that purpose; approved March 6, 1889, as amended."

By order of the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Dated: October 22nd, 1931.

WM. L. ASKEW,
Superintendent of Streets of the
City of Carmel-by-the-Sea

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Have you an old heater — oil, wood, coal, or electric — that has seen better days? We will allow you $2.50 for it on a new $12.50 Wesix Cent-a-Watt. That means you get the Cent-a-Watt for $10.

The Cent-a-Watt will give you long years of safe, healthful, circulating warmth. It is approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

One user says, "The Cent-a-Watt is a wonderful heater for bathrooms or any small room."

The heater is built upon the same principles as its successful big brothers which heat entire schools, apartment houses, churches, and homes. But the Cent-a-Watt requires no special wiring. It is light in weight and finished in aluminum.

We are making this trade-in offer for a short time only. So come into our office or a dealer's store and select your heater. Or, better still, telephone your order. Then you will be sure of your heater immediately.

We are not having a sale. However, people snap up an offer like this one quickly. Those customers who turn in an old heater will get a new heater for $10. The $10 payable in easy payments of $1 a month. Price of Cent-a-Watt where no old heater is turned in, is $12.50. This offer is also available at your dealer.

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of like nature, the Council deemed it inadvisable to act on the petitions. Councillors Rockwell and Bonham were delegated to confer meanwhile with the Monterey and Pacific Grove Councils relative to Sunday closing ordinances.

New Measures—The ordinance prohibiting installation of electric signs was passed unanimously on second reading and will be published in The Carmelite next week. There carried a motion by Councilman Bonham to require out-of-town contractors when working in Carmel to pay a license fee.

Staff.—In view of his impending departure, Winsor Josselyn tendered his resignation as a member of the Library Board. His successor was not selected.

On the recommendation of Police Commissioner Jordan, Traffic Officer Guth (formerly night partolman) is to be retained on day duty; with a half-day twice a week devoted to servicing the fire equipment.

Business Licenses.—Councilman Jordan was authorized to represent the Council in conference with the Monterey and Pacific Grove boards relative to proposed uniform business license regulations.

Miscellany.—A call was issued for the annual bids on legal advertising. Requests to trim trees on San Antonio were discussed. A resolution was passed establishing grades for various parts of San Antonio and connecting streets. City Attorney Campbell was asked to direct collection of business licenses in arrears. T. W. Morgan submitted architect's plans for proposed alterations to city office quarters, but because of the press of other matters the Council did not go into the subject.

Accounts.—The usual monthly bills were passed for payment..

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Mina Hager, concert contralto, who opened the Carmel Music Society season last year, is now a soloist with the Orquestra Filharmonica of Havana. The conductor, Pedro Sanjuan, was in San Francisco a year ago as conductor for the New Music Society.

§ §

Doctor Vernon Kellogg, formerly of Carmel Highlands, is now one of the fifteen members of the Board of Trustees of Science Service, publishers of the Science News Letter. He is also a member of the National Research Council.

§ §

The Brosa String Quartet, which was heard here this summer, is now engaged in New York City, giving several recitals in Greenwich Village, under auspices of the People's Symphony Concerts Association.